

**MEMORIES**

*Zelma D. Jones*

Zelma Dempsay Jones

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## Memories

February 1, 1900 was to be the wedding date of my parents, John Alexander Dempsay and Clara Bell Hutchings, but her father had a stroke a few days previously. He died a few days later. They were married February 28, 1900. William Dempsay gave his son eighty acres of land and the past summer and fall he had built a house. William was a carpenter and built a home for two of his other children later when they married. It had three rooms and a back porch. My father had a lot of hard work ahead as the land was mostly still in timber, only two cleared fields. Then there was the barn to be built and fences for the livestock.

My folks said wild turkeys were seen, but no deer. Bobcats were here and older people told of experiences with panthers.

June 30, 1901, I made my appearance. My dad rode a horse to Pinckneyville to get Dr. Mead. My grandmother was there and I heard the other day that on July 4, 1901 there was a record heat wave and the temperature height has never been broken. So I guess I got a warm reception. I was the first grandchild on mother's side of the house and the second on my dad's side.

## Neighbors

Farms were small, many of only forty acres. So we had closer neighbors. Just north of us was the old Hutchings place. My grandmother Dempsay was born there. There were renters that came and went. Ama Jones later bought it. He lived there just north of it. Also, a widower, Tom Hutchings, was across the DuBois road. Uncle Pat Corr and Aunt Janey lived just east of him. William Frederking and their boys Otto and Fred further east. Alva and Mabel Benedict lived south of the road. Northeast were Uncle Thomas Hutchings and Aunt Leatha and son, Alva. Silas Reidelberger's family lived further east. Harrison Rhine, wife and son, Ralph, had a large acreage. They had a lot of cattle. Their land was pasture and redtop hay for feed.

The Corr School was along the road just west of the Rhine place. The school had been named for my great grandfather, James Corr. His home place was occupied by renters. Then just east and a little north were Tom Hale, Mary Jane and their sons: Ezra, Alva, James and Mesh. We saw a lot of them. North of them, Sam Carson, a bachelor. Southeast was the Brune place, then the Todd's Mill Church. Thomas Todd's family lived to the east of the church. Aunt Nancy Todd was mother's aunt. They had a daughter, Evelyn, just my age. Just west of them was the Benedict family. Aunt Maria, another of mother's aunts and their children: Alva, Harvey, Thomas Gertrude and Stella, my age. Lyman Rice, wife Agnes, Pool, Cy, Everett, Blanche, and John Kellerman. He had a blacksmith shop. Dr. T. A. Holman, wife Nancy, daughter, Dora; Eli Jones and wife, Andrew and Charles. James Hunter, a general store. Just south lived Sylvia, Vena and Lorene Hall. Never a day passed that we didn't see them. Joe Waisarth and wife lived just south of

them. My grandmother, Rachel Hutchings, lived on a road west. In those years all of her family except my mother were still home. Just north of her Uncle John Corr, Aunt Ellen, Ivan, Inez and Asa. Just west of us, dad's folks, William Dempsay, wife Sabra, William, Jr., Dora, Effie, and Leonard. Northwest of them were Uncle Rob, Aunt Amanda, Lilly, Mollie, Gertrude, Alex, and Arthur. Northwest the Fred Lueker family. They had a blacksmith shop. East the Slade School and Dave Dempsay family, which makes the full circle.

Maternal side, Corr School. Corr School was named for my great-grandfather who came to America from southern Ireland in the late 1830's or early 1840's. He came to New Orleans, a single man, but he married and had five children when his wife died. Their names were Bridget, Mary, James, Thomas and Patrick. He came to Illinois and married Anne Richardson. They had four children, Rachel, Maria, John and Nancy. She died in childbirth when Nancy was born. He lost his son, James, in the Civil War. He is buried in Tennessee. His wife, Anne, and her mother are buried in the old Concord Cemetery. It is said he made coffins as an extra by-line. His daughter, Rachel, was my grandmother. She married Francis Marion Hutchings. His father, Richard, migrated north with two brothers, William and John R., but they separated. Richard going to Missouri and William and John R. coming to Illinois. I visited the Hutchings home place in the 1950's. The old house was still occupied and the storm cellar still in use. The family cemetery was on a little knoll one quarter mile from the house where the family and their slaves had been laid to rest. One thing that impressed me was that their wells were dug from solid rock 30' to 40' deep -- such hard work.

Grandfather F. M. Hutchings came to Illinois and lived some years in the Belleville vicinity before he came to Perry County. He never served in either army, North or South. His mother's name was Mahala Holland. F. M. and Rachel had a family of nine children: Richard, Clara Belle, my mother, Mahala (Molly), Ezra (Edward), Anne Laura, Georgia, Grover (Dode), Nancy Anne, a son who died as an infant, and Howard.

On the paternal side, my great-grandfather, Arthur Dempsay, came from Ireland with his young wife, Mary Smith. No one has found their names as immigrants but they lived in New York State before buying land in Illinois during the Martin Van Buren administration. He bought considerable land in Washington, Perry and Jackson Counties. Everyone called him Dr. Dempsay. I think he used herbs and native plants. He was a great reader. Their family was Jane, Belle, Arthur, Jr., David, Sarah, Anne, William, my grandfather, and Robert.

Arthur, Jr. served in the Union Army and homesteaded in southwest Kansas. He visited here when I was a small child, a big man with a big hat. I remember seeing all of my great aunts and uncle.

William John Dempsay married Sabra Ann Hutchings. She was a granddaughter of William H. that I mentioned before. A daughter of Eli and Gwendolyn Rice. She and a brother, Thomas were the youngest of a big family. Her older brothers and sisters lived in other states. I remember her saying she had sisters in Oregon. A brother, Martin Van, died in the Mexican War. There is a stone for him in the old Concord Cemetery. William and Sabra's family

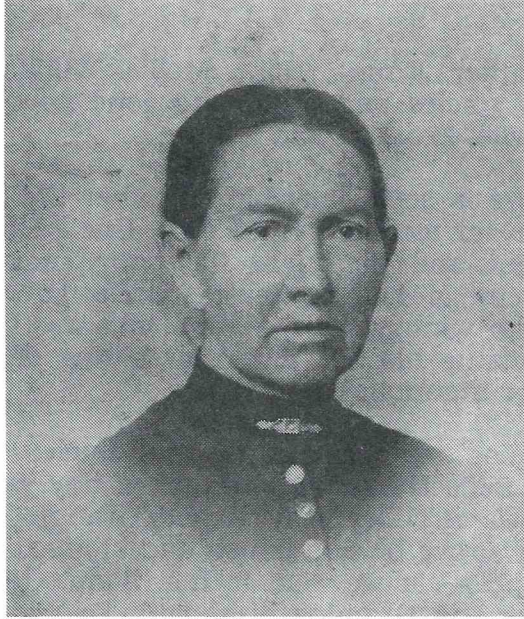
consisted of John Alexander, my father, Emma, Dora, Mollie, William Emmet, Effie, and Leonard Van. All of my uncles and aunts are gone now, only one aunt by marriage, Uncle Leonard's wife, Pearl, is left.

One of the first memories I have is seeing my baby brother the first time. In 1904 the whooping cough was in our vicinity. Aunt Nan, Uncle Howard and I had it. My mother was pregnant and the night the baby came my dad hurriedly took me to Grandma Hutchings' home. Several weeks later we three sat on the stairs and looked out the window at the small infant. I didn't go home until I was over it. Many infants his age died that spring of whooping cough. We should be so thankful for immunity shots.

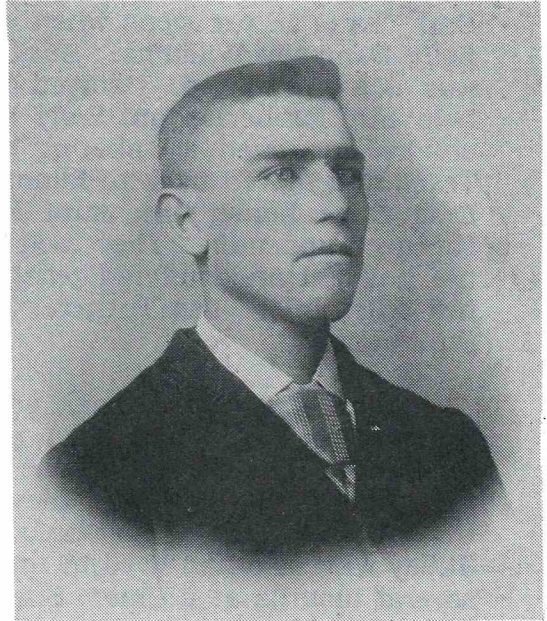
Another memory I have is seeing my great aunts and uncles who were living. Aunt Jane Cheek and Aunt Belle Hubler, the former, a tiny woman and the latter a red headed lady. Uncle Art Dempsay visited Grandpa Dempsay several times. Uncle Dave Dempsay drove by our house and stopped to talk to Dad. Later in my teens when we had a car we went to Ina, Illinois to see Aunt Sally Dempsay Williams. Aunt Effie and Grandpa went with Dad and I. She was sick and in bed. I stayed all night at the son's house. Aunt Effie stayed to help care for her. Aunt Sally had only the son and daughter. All of her other children drowned ice skating on a pond when the ice broke. They lived in Texas and moved back to Illinois after the children drowned. Shortly after Aunt Effie came home from Aunt Sally's she became ill. She must have had a ruptured appendix. They took her in a big wagon to Pinckeyville. She was in the hospital and suffered terribly before she died in less than a week, leaving her only child, Vilas Turner. Those were the relatives on the paternal side of the house.

Aunt Bridget, maternal, who came to visit Grandma Hutchings was a tiny woman too. She had been married twice. She had two boys by her first husband. He died during the Civil War. She later married John Crow. She had a big family by him. They moved from the Patoka area to Arkansas. One by one they died of swampfever (must have been yellow fever). Aunt Mary Stilley who also had lived in the Patoka area would visit Grandma Hutchings for several months at a time. She was a widow, a placid and easy going old soul. Uncle Tom Corr, a veteran of the Civil War, had homesteaded in Nebraska. He came by a number of times to visit his brothers and sisters on his way to the Old Soldiers' Reunion. He had served in the Nebraska Legislature several terms. Aunt Maria Benedict, Aunt Nancy Todd, Uncle Pat Corr, his wife, Janey, Uncle John, his wife, Ellen, lived near us. We lived only a half mile from our grandparents so we saw them, if not every day, then at least several times a week.

The migration. My friend Lorene Hall went to Nebraska. Aunt Amanda Dempsay had brothers that had homesteaded in Nebraska. I suppose they were veterans of the Civil War. She and her husband, Robert, decided to move there. Most of their family had married and only two boys were single. So the Sylvia Hall, Theodore Dempsay, Alva Hutchings, Uncle Thomas Hutchings, Bartlett families all went too. Only one son, James, stayed in Illinois. I think they loaded wagons (a late covered wagontrain). How they fared? One man said he went broke three times. My father thought of going, my mother did not want to leave her people and finally decided to stay.



***Rachel Corr Hutchings,  
my grandmother.***



***My father, John Alexander Dempsay.***



***My mother, Clara Bell Hutchings.***

## Our Telephone System

In 1907 we got our first telephones. It was known as the Rice Telephone System. Subscribers were taken. Each agreed to buy wire, furnish poles and put up lines and keep lines in repair and pay dues. With the dues they were to buy a central station and hire an operator. Each person bought their own telephone. It was a box that contained two batteries that lasted nine months at least. There were ten telephones on each line. We could talk to each other without going through the central station. Each had their own ring -- ours was two shorts and a long -- 1. When help was needed, an emergency, we ran to the telephone and rang five shorts -----. Once I remember we were in school and I saw my Dad on horseback headed east. Soon others passed at high speed. We ran out to see what was going on. It was Mr. Rhine's big barn burning. He always had a lot of cows and an immense barn filled with a lot of hay. The central at first moved from place to place usually someone where there were several in the family as they had to be on duty day and night. Then they became more affluent and bought a house and acreage -- the Ed Hunter place. We had several operators, but the one that was outstanding was Theresa Porter and her three children. She kept us all informed of happenings relevant to us. There was lots of rubbering (listening in) on other's conversations on our own line.

We called each other every day. Aunt Ellen, when we asked her how she was, would say, "I'm better today than I was yesterday. I nearly died yesterday." Some were so long winded you might have to ask permission to use your own telephone. At least, we had communication -- the lines were strong along the roadsides and brush and fallen limbs interfered with good service so when the Co-operative Association plan came up, we all welcomed the change.

## Transportation

My father had a beautiful team of bay horses when he married -- a mare and a horse, both Morgans -- a breed that was dual purpose. Nan and Prince were their names. Nan was high spirited and impatient. We kept our distance when we went in the barn. She would draw back her ears and would bite us. She did this to my Dad when he was currying her, leaving the print of her teeth on his arm. Prince was good natured and we loved him. Hitched to the buggy they made a good traveling team. Later, the horses we had were of the Belgian and Percheon breed -- draft horses. The Belgians were sorrel. The Percheon were black but as they grew older they turned gray.

Our vehicles were buggies, spring wagons and big wagons -- to haul grain and heavy loads.

Roads were a problem, especially in winter becoming almost impassable during the freezing and thawing. Our grocer, James Hunter, hired several men to haul his supplies from town. They used these big wagons.

Each township had an elected road commissioner. He kept up and built bridges, graded ruts, but could do nothing about the mud and dust. Of course, if we wanted to go long distances, we had the railroads.

When snow was on the ground, sleighs (if you had one) drawn by the horses were an enjoyable trip.

We walked to the neighbors, to church, to the grocery store and always to our grandparents especially during the spring and summers when the horses had to work in the field and needed their rest.

One memory I have of summer evenings is hearing the vesper of the bells at Todd's Mill. I don't hear them any more. I would go home with Evelyn Todd. She lived next door. They were so beautiful.

### School

My mother bought a Primer book for me when I was 5 years old. I could read when I started to school. My first teacher was Minnie Mansker. We had about 12 pupils at first but when the fall work was finished on the farms we had that many more start, mostly big boys 17 or 18 years old. We each carried a dinner pail, usually a syrup or lard pail. There was a well at Corr School. At first, there was the water bucket that we dipped our cups into but later we had a big covered jar with a spigot on it and had individual folding cups. There was a heating stove with cords of wood for fuel. The cords of wood were stacked neatly making good places to hide when we played hide and seek.

One winter evening the boys piled too much wood behind the stove or too close. It caught fire and the schoolhouse burned down. After we got our new books, we opened school again at Concord Church. We had no desks but finished out the year there.

My mother knitted me a couple of pairs of long stockings of wool. These were worn over long underwear. She made me panties with a drop seat which buttoned onto a vest, an underskirt with sleeves. These were made of cotton flannel, a sturdy cloth with smooth side and fuzzy backing much heavier than flannelette. Then a dress. If I fell down I must have bounced. We did not have many dresses. I always had a summer dress for the third Sunday in May and a winter dress for Christmas. Younger children got lots of hand me downs.

On April 10, 1908 school was in session, as when I went home from school, I saw my baby sister, Velma, who had been born that day. The bluebells were blooming. There was a big clump of them at the foot of the big hill. Wonder if they are still there? Evelyn Todd and Clarence Reidelberger were in my class. Mary Smith was my second grade teacher -- Cutler, Illinois. Godfrey Schroeder was my third grade teacher. I went to school that year every day. He later became a dentist. Elmer, my brother, started to school that year. Reuben Bahre was my 4th grade teacher. He was a budding artist. He drew pictures on the blackboard with colored chalk. He also played a "jews" harp. We took lots of field trips that year. At noon we would go to Rhines pasture where Slade branch meandered the length of it. At recess time we would be back at school. I later met him in DuQuoin, a neighbor of my daughter-in-law's. He had spent some time in the west. An unusual character -- well read, still artistic -- a loner.



Ada Burlison, Tamaroa, Illinois, was a tall lady. She boarded with the Rhine family. We went skating on the Rhine pond. It was very deep and if the ice had broken we would have drowned. Our parents certainly didn't like us to go. The custom was to hire the teacher for 5 months if they (the school board) were satisfied, they continued teaching for 2 months. Hortense Montroy, a French girl from Pinckneyville, and Nell Hatfield from DuQuoin were our next teachers. During one of their terms, Jessie Rice taught a spring term.

Lillian McElrath was my last teacher in elementary school. She had a bubbly personality. She later married my mother's cousin, Herman Todd, and lived in our community a number of years. Evelyn Todd and I went to Pinckneyville to take the 8th grade examination and later in the summer the county graduation was held in DuQuoin. I got a scholarship to go to S.I.U. as I had the highest grade in our township. I wanted to go to high school but going to Carbondale seemed out of the question to my folks. Aunt Nan and Uncle Wesley Jones offered to let me stay with them. If it had not been for them, I don't know how I could have gotten my high school diploma. In nice weather I got to go home on weekends but during winter months I mostly stayed in Pinckneyville. I did not go to the games, class parties, etc. but we did go to church and Sunday School. I went home every day for lunch. Many times I would walk with Florence Haggard and Irene Mentel, my father's cousin's child, was in my class. She lived north of town and walked to school. We have remained friends all these years. The day Dad took me to school, my mother went to Grandma Hutchings' to visit awhile. She found her crying, "Why mother what is the matter?" "Zelma's gone to high school" she sobbed. The little girl who had been underfoot all her life had moved on. Grandma was failing fast and she and Uncle Howard came to Uncle Wes' the next year. She seemed unable to get on her feet and had to be helped out of her chair. I was the oldest grandchild and we were very close.

I spent a lot of time with Grandma Hutchings. Mother would send me on errands there and to Aunt Ellen Corr's. I had to go part of the way through Uncle John's hog pasture. I never knew when an old sow with her pigs would be in a rail fence corner or a big hog would think I had something for it to eat. I would run that distance and draw a big sigh of relief when I crawled over the fence. When at Grandma's I would go with her to the orchard where we would pick up the down apples for the pigs. She would have a 5 gallon bucket and her big apron and I would have a smaller bucket. She made the best fried apples.

After Grandfather Hutchings died she had to pay off notes he had signed for friends. She and the sons worked hard to do this. It was a custom to get people to sign your note if you got in a bind. I am glad that died out, or I hope so.

I was at the giggly age and Uncle Howard liked to tease me, especially when Aunt Ellen would come and tell her stories or Uncle Pat. He would laugh and I would giggle. Once my mother happened to be present when Aunt Ellen was talking. We laughed and my mother got very angry with us, as with grandma too for allowing us to make fun of her.

In high school at first I was very insecure and shy. Almost all of my class were a year younger and I thought they had a much better education than I but when we graduated four country kids led the class in grades and I was among them. The Senior class was free the last week of school. We had a field trip, Junior-Senior banquet, baccalaureate and graduation. We had a great controversy over the clothing we girls would wear at graduation. Months before we had decided to wear middies and skirts (white). We ordered them and had them the last few weeks of school. Some of the girls decided they wanted to wear more dressy outfits. We almost came to blows over the issue. The result was the more affluent ones got a pretty dress. At one of our class reunions we brought up the subject of the middies skirts and for a time I thought the old feud was going to flare again.

Around the first of July, Blanche Rice died. She had been sick for a long time of cancer. I played the organ for her funeral. I had a fever when I got home, I was in bed for over 6 weeks. Dr. McConahie said I had typhoid fever. The alumni had been to the Junior-Senior banquet. Some of them, along with the students, contracted the disease also. One mother with two small children died. All who took the fever were very sick.

I had agreed to teach Kellerman School. I started the term but was very weak. In November my sister, Velma, took sick. She developed bronchial pneumonia and died December 10, 1920. Such a tragedy, all caused by a woman who cooked the dinner using water from an abandoned well. In February my mother took sick. She had grieved so much since Velma's death and was very sick from the start. Dr. Green from Nashville took care of her as Dr. McConahie was sick. Dr. Green gave my father and Elmer shots for immunization and neither of them took it. One night my mother seemed so much worse. Aunt Nan had come to stay with us and I had resigned my school. We didn't see how she could live but the next morning she said it seemed that she waded in a river. It got deeper and deeper. Someone seemed to say to her, "Come back, Velma will be there." From that time on she began to improve. She never got over Velma's death.

The next year I taught the home school. I needed a way to go to teacher's meetings, etc. and I told Dad I would help him with cash to buy a car. Uncle John Holman was the first in our family to buy one. They were very unpredictable. They had to be cranked to start, on steep hills couldn't get gas and stopped and for most of the time were open to the weather. We later had curtains that flopped in the breeze. It was known as a "tin lizzie." Only those who lived through those days knew the hazards. The horses were scared to death of them. Such was not the case the time Mom and I took Elmer's buggy with Dolly hitched to it. We were on the country line road not far from our house and she ran away. Mom's first thought was to jump out. She landed on the wheel and got a hard fall. I stayed in and held on to the lines. She (the mare) stopped. We never knew what frightened her. Neither of us were very apt with horses. Dad later got a Model A Ford. He had it for years.

At an annual teacher's meeting at DuQuoin a man spoke on higher education and the need of at least a college degree. Many of the older teachers had begun with only an eighth grade education. Many of the younger ones had finished high school. SINU was only a junior college at that time but he

assured us we could obtain better salaries than \$70.00 per month and I now got \$75.00. So I decided to take off a year and go to school. In 1923, I was in school at Carbondale. Elmer, Floy Dempsay and I stayed with a widow on Illinois Avenue. I taught the next year and went the spring and summer quarters graduating with the 1924 class. Later colleges changed to semesters. I was interviewed and would have taught in Belleville but the letter was lost and I had to take a 3-4 grade position at Hurst Bush. I had 65 pupils, all nationalities. Naomi Love and I stayed with a Mr. and Mrs. Medden. My salary was \$95.00 per month and I paid \$35.00 room and board.

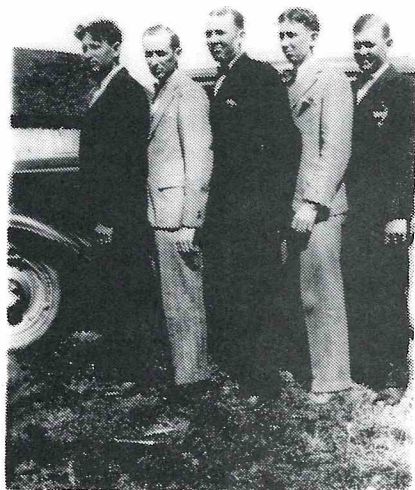
On March 18, 1925, one of the worst tornadoes hit in Missouri and gained momentum as it travelled eastward. Murphysboro and DeSoto were hit, a school in the former and in DeSoto even the sidewalks were ripped up in a northeasterly direction. Much damage was done in Hurst but the village of Bush was wiped out. The wives waited for their husbands to come out of the mine as most of them spoke no English. People went out to help them but couldn't for the language barrier. I was in a building on the school ground -- a wonder it didn't take it. Dad came for me as a rumor got out that I had been killed. It was a great loss in life and property. I was invited back to teach the next year but found a school nearer home -- the Luney School near Oakdale. I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Herman Todd, Dad's cousin. I had only a few pupils who were not the babies of the family. They had hired me thinking their school would get a bonus from the State if they hired a graduate from junior college. I fear they were disappointed. The next several years I taught at Corr, my home school.

### **Courtship and Marriage**

I had a boyfriend when I was still in grade school but he came on so strong my folks said I was too young. He was my cousin, Elza's, friend and relative. Girls my age had married and had families. Some of the relatives were sure I was to be a spinster and I took quite a bit of teasing. Harry Jones, a neighbor, would visit. I thought he came to see Elmer until my mother said, "Didn't it occur to you Harry is coming to see you?" Early in our dating he asked me to marry him. I said "No." I didn't care that much. His sister, Margaret, and I were good friends so we saw each other occasionally and began dating again several years later. He gave me an engagement ring on Valentine's Day 1928. We planned to get married on August 15, 1928. Aunt Nan went with me to pick out my wedding dress. I drove our car and had car trouble -- details forgotten. Rev. A. Hagler married us at my parent's home. Elmer and Margaret were witnesses. Alpha and Viva were there too. Elmer had married Alpha Reidelberger August 1925 and they had a baby girl, Viva, by this time and were expecting their second child. We made a short trip to Granite City where we visited my three aunts, one uncle and Harry's Uncle Charles. We came home and he had rented the Otto Frederking place. I had set several hens and raised some young pullets. He had a team of horses and one brindle cow. I didn't teach that year. Married women were not looked on with favor in those days as teachers.



*Uncle Wes and Aunt Nan Jones*



*Richard, Thomas, Harry (my husband), Wesley and Charley Jones.*



*Zelma Depmsay Jones*

My dear Grandmother Hutchings had died at Aunt Nan's in 1923. In settling up the estate I had bought 40 acres of her land. My paternal grandmother had died also while I was at a teacher's institute in 1926. My grandfather was very lonesome after her passing. He always spoke of her as "old woman." Sometimes I missed my independence and money was very scarce. I became pregnant. We decided to have Dr. Schroeder come for the birth and Mrs. Lueker would stay with me until I was up and about. A neighbor, Anna Frederking, would come and be with me also. Anna and Fred were good friends for many years. They had 3 boys, William, Harold and Paul, who had gone to school to me previously. My mother and Harry's mother came too. The baby was a boy, born June 10, 1929, weighing 8 lbs. Harry was very proud of his son. He wanted him named James Wesley for two uncles he thought very highly of. In those days dewberries grew on the acid soil. They ripened in June and I missed getting any. Grandma Dempsay always canned at least 200 quarts of them. When farmers spread lime on the fields it was the end of our dewberries. We had a young collie dog. He chased cars and killed some of my young hens.

On September 17, 1930 Grandpa Dempsay died.

April 16, 1930 late afternoon, we received a phone call to come, my mother had a stroke. We drove over in the buggy. It was in early spring. She and Alpha had made garden that day. They came in and were preparing supper when it happened. She passed on near midnight. I will always remember the pink young leaves of the White Oaks as we went home that evening. Now she was with her child for whom she grieved so long for ten years. Brother Jones, her pastor, preached her funeral and Urban Dempsay sang. Once she said to me, "Zelma, you have always been such a comfort to me." I pray that I was. She is buried by Velma in the old Concord Cemetery.

J. O. Hunter had donated land to Concord Church. Also land for a cemetery. The original ground had been donated by Wesley Hutchings and his brother, Eli, (my great-grandfather), for the cemetery. Much discussion, some dissention centered around the move but more members lived father south and west and the road was hilly and hard to keep up. Some graves were there already when the church was constructed.

Later that year I became pregnant again. Dr. Schroeder had died so we consulted Dr. Goodner. The due date was early, January 1931. Time passed. Harry went in and talked to Dr. Goodner. He said watch my diet. Avoid foods that would put weight on the child. On February 26 I began in earnest to have labor pains. I had some earlier but they were always false. Anna Frederking and Alpha were with me, also the doctor. In the night when we were all worn out Dr. Goodner said, "Get another doctor." Dr. Hiller, a younger man from Pinckneyville came and took the baby -- another boy. He weighed 10 lbs. but he was dead. Today that would not have happened -- many changes for the better. They gave him to me to see -- a beautiful child. I lost my mother and child in less than a year. We bought a lot in the new cemetery and he is buried there. We named him Ama Alexander for both of his grandfathers.

Soon after that Harry's father bought the William and Sophie Frederking place, 120 acres. It was known as the Slade place. Kitty Slade was quite a character the old timers said. She had lost a husband and some sons in the Civil War. The Slade boys, gunslingers of the Old West, were from Carlyle, Illinois. Never knew if any relation. William and Sophie had no family. Grandpa said we could buy the 40 acres where the house was but he wanted to retain the eighty which would go to Harry at his death. In August of 1931 we moved just up the road from where we lived. There was much to be done, fences, etc. The house had been built a hundred years ago. No insulation. It's a wonder we didn't freeze. At least always plenty of fresh air. The summer of 1933 was very hot and dry. I was pregnant that summer, so I noticed it very much. Along with the drought we were in the midst of the depression. Remembering the last birth, we decided this child would be born at a hospital. I went to Pinckneyville Hospital. Everything went well. We had our little girl. We named her Jo Ann. I was just home when I noticed a white blister on her body. Soon more appeared and we got medicine. When the hospital heard of it they were very perturbed as it was contagious. Impetigo soon clears up with medication.

Dad married a widow from Thompsonville. He would make frequent trips to see us. I think he came when he was homesick. And we visited him, but he never seemed happy. James started to school. Margaret was teaching at Slade and she wanted to take him.

### Depression Years

Since 1929 the nation had suffered a Depression but it still was with us in the mid-thirties. On farther west, conditions were worse as dry weather caused blinding dust storms. High wind caused a haze to hang over the landscape every day. Many people left their homes and migrated to California. *Grapes of Wrath* is a book written of those times.

Here in the midwest there was no work -- farmers had plenty of work. Things to sell brought the lowest of prices -- things we had to buy were not so out of reason, but we had no money to buy them. We had shelter, food, and made do for clothing. We raised our own pork, chickens. For flour, we traded wheat. I baked yeast bread twice a week. Six loaves with a pan of buns. Vegetables were canned and fruits mostly apples, peaches and berries. My grandmother dried apples laying them out in the sun covered by cheese cloth. In the fall when the apples ripened, we borrowed a 30 gallon copper kettle. It took 8 to 10 bushels of apples, peeled and quartered, which took one day's work. Then early the next morning, we polished the kettle with vinegar and salt until it shone like a new penny. Then we mixed the cut apples with water in the kettle until it came to a boil and began stirring with a big wooden paddle. We kept a brisk fire going and never let the stirrer stop. Around 4:00 p.m. we began to add sugar and would drop some silver coins to keep the thick apple butter from sticking to the bottom of the kettle. Lastly, the flavoring was added, cinnamon or star anise. My mother put her apple butter in stoneware jars covering each jar with rounds of brown paper soaked in vinegar, but I put mine in glass jars sealing them while hot. Then, too, we had a patch of sugar cane. It grew as tall as the corn. In September we stripped off all of the leaves, cut

the stalks down, cut off the seed (we saved them to feed to the chickens) and piled it in piles. Then it was loaded on the wagon and taken to a mill. My Uncle Richard had a mill. He spent the entire fall making molasses for people. A horse was hitched to the mill and he went round and round. The cane stalks were fed into the mill and juice extracted. The juice was put into big flat boiling pans over a steady fire. After hours of boiling, it was drawn off as molasses. Sorghum molasses was on every dining table. It also made delicious ginger bread and cookies and baked beans.

We had our own cream, milk, cottage cheese and yogurt, although we called it clabbered milk. My mother strained the milk into earthenware jars. When she got enough cream (usually several days) she put it in a stoneware churn. Then we had a wooden dasher that we pushed up and down. Sometimes the butter came quickly but other times we would churn and churn. Times changed -- everyone got a cream separator. Here we put the milk as soon as it came from the cow into the big bowl and turned the handle. The cream came out one spout and the skim milk the other. Either way, the skimmed milk went to the pigs who drank it readily. The cream we sold, the price depending on the test. I had a glass churn with paddles that I used to make butter for the table. This was the method of disposing of our milk for years. Then there came a market for whole milk. A trucker picked it up every day. On warm days sometimes the milk turned sour. It was a loss except for the pigs, who got it.

Our flour sacks never went to waste. They were sturdy cotton muslin. As a child, our undergarments were made of them with the printing still on. When my children were small, the millers began putting flour in printed percale sacks. I made the girls' dresses, the boys' shirts, and my aprons of them. We would match our sacks and neighbors' and friends' sacks and accumulate enough of the ones that were alike to have sufficient yardage to make a garment. My grandmother remembered weaving cloth, but thank goodness I didn't. My mother was an expert seamstress, but although I could sew I never was an expert. (Bertha Hall said when she lived in Oklahoma, they saved the cement sacks, bleached them out and made their men's shirts of them. I still have a few cement sack towels.) During those depression times, we had shelter, heat, food and clothing. Shelter as we owned our own home, heat -- we used wood and our men went to the wood lots and fence rows for it. Food -- we had our gardens and we canned that, apples -- had a small old orchard, berries for the picking, peaches we bought those and canned them. Clothing was mostly make do.

When Jo Ann was about 16 months old, one Sunday she was very sick with a high fever, etc. After noon Harry and I decided to take her to Dr. Hiller at Pinckneyville. It was raining. He hitched the team to the buggy. We took James to Grandpa Jones's, my father-in-law. When we got to Bernard Kellerman's, Harry said "Let's stop and see if he'll take us the rest of the way in his car." He did although it was a muddy trip. We got medicine for her and as we came home the wind changed to the north and was getting steadily colder. At Kellerman's we came on in the buggy. The horses' tails were frozen by the time we got home with the rain and sleet. I've never forgotten that trip.

One day I discovered an empty pill bottle and a red pill or two on the floor. Come to find out Jo Ann had found them and had eaten them thinking they were candy. I and the two children walked to Grandpa Jones's as Harry was working there. I think we went in the car to Dr. Hiller's. They pumped her stomach out but got very few pills. By this time she began to break out in big red spots. They were a cold remedy. We kept her awake and the red spots persisted for some days. It was quite a fright.

In the fall of 1934 I helped cut corn on the 40 acres in Perry County. We shocked it in the field. In the winter we would husk the ears of corn and feed the stalks with the dried leaves to the cattle. The next morning I had to go to the doctor. I had a miscarriage of probably a couple of months. The next year, I became pregnant again. I tried to take better care of myself this time as Aunt Nan had scolded me so the last time. We visited them as they had moved to Grandma Hutchings' place in the mid-twenties. She had gotten the home place for caring for her mother those last years. Uncle Howard came with them. He had been bothered with sinus for years, but it worsened and found he was going blind. Relatives in Granite City took him to St. Louis. He was to have surgery the day they found him dead in bed. He was in his thirties. On August 23rd, Harriett was born. Theresa Porter and Frances Jablonski were with me and Dr. Hiller was the doctor. Lucy, Harry's sister, stayed with me until I was up and about. She and her husband had divorced. He got the two boys, Thomas and Harry -- an unusual happening in those days, but she got them through the summers. So she was at home at this time but later worked in Granite City.

When Harriett was 3 years old I had made her a little brown coat. One day we visited the grandparents Jones. When we got ready to come home, she wouldn't let anyone help her put on her coat. Grandpa Jones said, "Did you ever see such an independent child?" She talked early. She was a small child.

Road building had begun in earnest. Route 127 had been surveyed. It changed much of the Old Black Diamond Trail that had been the road between Nashville and Pinckneyville. It gave work to a lot of men who had been dependent on WPA projects, and it was a boon to everyone who owned a car, as most did by now. Shortly after the blacktop road was surveyed between DuBois and Oakdale, it gave way to a state road and had to be blacktopped. Some changes were made in the old road but not nearly as many as Route 127. We used this road so much. It went directly past our home. We visited Harry's brother, Wesley and family at DuBois, where he taught school. Then later at Ashley. He loved to hunt and in addition to his bird dogs he boarded dogs for other people. They had a family of boys. Another brother, Richard, lived south of us near Rice. Mary Lou was James' age and Linda, Harriett's age. A brother, Tom, and a sister, Mabel, lived in Albuquerque, New Mexico. One day I was listening to the radio (a new thing for us), a news flash came over that Poland had been invaded. Harry and John Kurwicki, our neighbor, were visiting out in the yard. We agreed that only bad trouble was ahead. Sure enough, World War II had begun.

1941 -- The old house we lived in was so old that Harry decided to build us a new one. He cut the timber in 1940 and 1941 and hauled it to the sawmill. He hired John B. Carson to draw up plans and supervise the building



of it. We used windows and doors of the old house which he later regretted. That summer was a busy one. I prepared dinner for the carpenters, Mr. Carson and his son, Raymond, and Mr. Auld. After the basement was ready we moved the kitchen there. It made a lot of steps to climb in a day's time. Jo Ann started school the month she was six, but Harriett started just past five because teachers were scarce that year. I was asked to take a position at Turkey Bend School. Margaret said, "Why not send her to me at Slade School?" She didn't want to go, and her father had to follow her several times. I always regretted sending her so young. Harry was the most dissatisfied of all so I taught only a couple or three months and he begged me to resign. A lady from DuBois finished the school year. We had moved into the new house. Plenty remained to be done.

December 7, 1941, Japan bombed Pearl Harbor and war came shortly. We had paid Grandpa Jones for the 40 acres the house was on when the nearby Belter land came up for sale. It consisted of 80 acres, but very poor, thin land (I dreaded debt, but Harry didn't seem to mind it.). It was level and could be built up. So, after much thought, we bought it. Alex and Katie lived there at the time we moved to the Frederking place. They had three children, but later moved back to St. Louis, where he cooked for the Mayfair Restaurant downtown. They would come back occasionally, bring things to the children. I remember he brought candy. Jo Ann got to it and ate too much for her. She had a high fever and sick stomach. We couldn't figure out what happened until we discovered the candy sack. I dreaded debt, but Harry didn't seem to mind it.

The war intensified. We got better prices for the things we had to sell. Everyone who wanted to work had a job. Tragic fact that war brings better times economically at the cost of lives and suffering. As in World War I, certain things were restricted, such as flour, sugar, etc. It was called rationing. Each family got a certain amount. I am sure there was a lot of cheating and of hoarding. People have a tendency to want the things that are hard to get. Greed comes out in times of crisis.

Late in the year, I found I was expecting again. We decided I would go to the hospital again as it had been seven years since the last child was born and, too, I was that much older. Dr. Hiller had built a new hospital by this time across the street from the old one. When James was about 12 he came home from school with a pain in his abdomen. We did all of the remedies we knew, but the next morning when he was no better, we took him to Dr. Hiller. His diagnosis was appendicitis. When they operated, they found the appendix had burst and gangrene had set in. He was very sick and was in the hospital a long time. His head nurse was Elsie Lemon Broha. I had known her from my high school days.

I had enjoyed good health and during threshing season I expected to go to the hospital any day. On July 24th we threshed the wheat. The next morning, July 25, 1944, Harry took me to the hospital. Mrs. Blair from Cutler was just ahead of me. Her baby girl was born at noon and my baby came at 1:00 p.m. We named him Samuel Mark. Dorothy, Harry's niece, stayed with me for a while and the little girls helped too. That year the United States won the war with Germany but a great number of our soldiers were still out there in combat with the Japanese. After the bombing of Hiroshima they surrendered.

In 1946 James was a senior in high school. We had bought him a suit for graduation. He would be 17 years old a few days after. On Friday, January 25th, Harry said, "I'm going down to the woods in Perry County and bring a load of stove wood home. James can split some tomorrow." We used wood as fuel both in the heating and cook-stoves. He hitched the horse to the wagon and started. In just a few minutes Lucy called and said, "Come quick. I think Harry is hurt." Sam and I got in the truck and drove down. As soon as I turned on Route 127 a number of people had gathered and were directing traffic. As I drove past, Harry was lying on the road, blood running out of his ear. I knew he was dead. I was motioned on. The mule was dead, the other horse tied to the wagon. When I got to the barn we got out and sat in the hall door and watched. It was a coal truck that hit the wagon. The driver evidently went to sleep and hit the rear of the wagon. A man walking around, whose face was deadly pale, I took to be the driver. Harold Frederking and Garney Hicks were two of the spectators I knew. Harry's folks saw the whole scene, which was terrible for them. The children were called from school. So many things to decide and do. I just remember feeling numb.

Visitation has changed; now it is at the funeral home. Then it was at the deceased's home. Saturday afternoon we (the neighbors and relatives) arranged the furniture in the front bedroom. The funeral director brought the body out to the house. Neighbors and friends came all afternoon and that night. It, too, was a custom for someone to sit up with the corpse. Tommy Gill stayed and walked across the field home the next morning. The people who owned the coal truck came. The records are in a Book of Memory the funeral director gave me. It is with his clothing in a trunk in the attic.

We decided to have the funeral at 1:00 p.m., Sunday, January 27. Our pastor, Elder J. B. Hall was sick with pneumonia. Uncle Wes and Aunt Nan wanted Reverend J. R. Wagoner of Farmington, Missouri who had lived in our neighborhood at the time of my mother's death. Brother Hall was our associate missionary when I was in high school and I remember being in their home many times. After we gathered at the church a call came, the minister had car trouble. Well we waited and waited, and after 3:00 p.m. he came. It had been a sunny day, thawing and muddy, on Friday but a cold front came in and it was 6 degrees that day. He was laid to rest by the baby in the new Concord Cemetery. We went home that cold evening to the evening chores.

Roy and Bertha Hall had moved in the Belter Place after Harold and Louise Frederking moved to their own home in Perry County. They were so much company and help during those days. Even going to town was a chore for me. I could drive but very seldom did. For a month after his death I couldn't write a check. Richard Jones was appointed executor and I the guardian of the children. The older children went back to school. Sammie and I at home. He could not understand and he would take me by the hand and want to go outside. It was still winter and lots of days we couldn't go. One day we had sold a stack of peahay east of the barn. He saw the men with the wagon. Nothing would do but we go out there. When he looked the men over he was ready to come to the house. After that he gave up searching for his father. There was lots to do -- 6 to 8 cows to milk twice a day. The girls learned to

milk too. One cow was so mean it would kick and spill the milk. Four horses to be fed, the pigs to slop (a mixture of water and ship stuff [ground wheat]) and feed corn, and the chickens to feed and water. By the time you were ready to eat breakfast you had done a half day's work.

Wesley, my brother-in-law, said he would help James when his school was out in the spring. I rented the land in Perry County to Richard. Jo Ann started to high school in the fall of 1947. By this time they began consolidating the rural schools but it did not really happen until 1950. Harriett says she went with Margaret in 1949 to Dolly Vardan School the year she was in 8th grade. Some how I don't recall that. So she started high school in the fall of 1949. I was still regretting starting her to school so soon. I developed a pain in my knees and went to Dr. Hiller. He said high blood pressure and arthritis. I took high blood pressure pills from then on. I got an abundance of advice -- no lack. Aunt Mattie Wilson observed, "The advice you pay for is the only advice worth anything." Our pastor, Brother Hall, said "Do what's best for your family."

Trouble in Korea was threatening and boys were still being drafted. James was expecting to be drafted any time but did not enter the service until 1955.

In the meantime Dad had come home. His wife, Sydney, had become tired of his moodiness. He seemed content for a while. He spent time with us and Elmer. It was not long before he started walking off. I think he had had a slight stroke and it affected his mind. Well, finally we had to have him committed. We hated to do this but for the sake of the children we did. Much harsh criticism occurred. We visited him in the hospital. After a time Sydney came and got him. I don't remember how long he stayed with her. His health was failing, he had to have shots to relieve the water retention. He went back and forth between us. Ted and Bob Hubler stopped one day to see him to tell him of their father's death. It was his cousin, John. They had been very close all the years. He cried and said "poor boy." One day after a very restless night I called Elmer. He came and later that day Dad had a stroke. He died May 19, 1954. He was 81 years old. He often said his grandfather was 81 and his father died at age 81. He had told me a few days before his death of dreaming of my mother. He put a great importance to dreams. His younger brother had preceded him in death.

Jo Ann graduated from high school in 1951. She and Virginia Lee Dempsay went to Springfield to work. She did not want to go to college. Virginia Lee had relatives in Springfield. Then Harriett graduated in 1953. She and a friend, Darlene Seyler, went to St. Louis to find a job. I think now how hazardous it was to let a 16 year old girl go to the city. I must have been blind to reality.

Darlene was married at First Baptist in Nashville. Harriett came home and worked in Mt. Vernon and Nashville. By this time Jo Ann and Virginia Lee had gone to Memphis to work and Harriett decided to go and stay with them and work. Virginia Lee married and they stayed on for a time then decided to go to St. Louis to work.

James was in the Army in 1955. We rented the acreage to Nelson Hutchings. Nelson and Dorothy were living where Bertha and Roy Hall lived. Their son, Dennis, was a year younger than Sam. We had a sale, selling our Red Pole cattle, the horses, and hogs. In 1948 we had bought a tractor. We really missed him. Now Sam and I were home alone. He was in the 5th grade. Schools had consolidated by this time and he started to school in Nashville. Maude Rohlfing was his teacher. She lived just up the road from us. So many things happened during the 1950's it is hard to keep them straight.

In 1952 Grandpa and Grandma Jones were now in their eighties. He was in good health for a man his age. Grandma had pernicious anemia. She had done lots of hard work before any labor saving devices were thought of. She was a thrifty soul. She saved everything. She and Grandpa Jones went regularly for their check-ups to Dr. Hiller. I think it kept them up psychologically just to talk to him. In the last days of June she became so weak she died. The two children came from New Mexico for the funeral. They left the next day and Grandpa had a stroke just after noon. Probably all the excitement and loss of his wife was just too much for him. We missed them so much. Never a week went by when we did not see them.

My stepmother applied for assistance from Franklin County. She had a home and some acreage but she gave my Dad's place as security. As they had no pre-nuptial agreement the land had to sell. My brother was living on the place. He had a sale also and obtained employment at Caterpillar in Joliet, Illinois. The family moved up there. They first lived in Joliet then later they built a home at Wilmington. So 1955 was an eventful year for all of us. I missed them very much. They visited us a number of times and I visited them at both places. I don't remember the date, but Sam, Jo Ann and I visited our friends, the Roy Halls, in Michigan where they went when Roy retired from Magnolia Co. Their son lived there. I brought back some phlox plants and also some day lilies. I still have the day lilies but I killed the phlox by putting field fertilizer around them.

One summer James, Jo Ann, Sam and I went for a few days to the Ozarks. I went to the Ridge Crest Assembly at Ashville, Tennessee twice. I had been a WMU member ever since we organized one in our church. I enjoyed the sermons. We met so many of the missionaries home on furlough. Just mingling with so many fellow Christians was such an inspiration. The first time I went on a bus, there was a mixup and I did not get my luggage for four days. I would look in our Royal Service (UMU) magazine where the missionaries were on the prayer calendar on their birthdays and remember the ones I met. Most of them are retired now.

Then I went to the Glorietta Assembly in New Mexico. It too was a delightful spiritual experience. While there a woman from Albuquerque asked me to go with them to Albuquerque. I had gone on the train to Glorietta. I visited Harry's sister, Mabel, and her family and also his brother, Tom, and wife. I had intended to go on to Andrews, Texas, to see the Dyess family but had trouble making connections and came on home. A number of years later they came back and the family ate dinner with me. She had been very ill and lost her memory but he remembered everything like it was yesterday. Their oldest son, Hart, was a doctor in New Mexico. The older daughter and husband

came with them. They had been such a help in our church while they lived here. I took two Presley Tours, one in the Northeast one fall to see the leaves. We went to Michigan, saw Niagara Falls then headed east through New York state up to Vermont to New Hampshire and then down to New York City. Spent the night there. We were on Times Square, visited Chinatown, on through the Amish countryside in Pennsylvania, then through Ohio and home. My roommate was from Fairview Heights. She was a Christian Scientist and she spent a lot of time reading their literature. Even the tiny trees were decked out in red and gold. Some of their capitol buildings had gold leaf on their roofs. The Amish barns with their hex signs were unusual. Then to Florida. Edna Small went with me. We were gone at least 10 days but we saw a lot of the sights of Florida.

These Presley trips were just right for someone like me as I had been in the hospital earlier and after surgery the nurses did not get me up and about leaving me with the added problem of arthritis, crippled to an extent. I never walked well after that and on these trips walked so slowly that I realized then I could not go any more.

On March 18, 1955, Uncle Wes died of a heart attack. Several years before his death one of Aunt Nan's cousins, Dallas Stilley, of Waconda, South Dakota, whose wife died, came to visit and then decided to make his home with them. They welcomed him as a long lost son and I think Uncle Wes realized his days were numbered. Here was a solution for Aunt Nan, but she outlived Dallas by 12 years. He was such a good, kind man.

In 1955 and 1956 when James finished basic training at Ft. Leonardwood he was sent to San Antonio, Texas. In 1956 while he was stationed at San Antonio he visited his Aunt Mabel and her family at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Her daughters, Margaret and Maxine, and son, Charles (Buz), got to get acquainted. Later he spent a year in England and while there visited several European countries.

In 1957 James came home from the Army and started to farm. This time he would only grain farm. Jessie Campbell, my cousin, and one of her neighbors came one day and wanted me to apply to teach at the Wylie School. I had never kept up my certificate so the only way I could teach was to take the examination. The school subjects were not so bad but the history of education was so hard to remember but I passed without flunking any of the subjects. The County Superintendent congratulated me. In September I started teaching again. I taught four years there and then at the new Consolidated 212 for four years. I drove from home each morning.

James and Marge Dunbar were married on April 24, 1959. They moved to a house in Nashville and went back and forth to do the farming. On July 29, 1960 Harriett and Joe Scopelite were married. They continued to live in St. Louis. She worked for the Chrysler Corporation. Sam was now in high school, a sophomore or junior. The next year I got my first grandchild. James Phelp's wife came to Marge's to have her second child. Her first child, a boy, had died of SID a few months earlier. After Jami's birth, she deserted the child and James and Marge adopted her.

On June 6, 1961 Joseph A. Scopelite III was born. I went up and cared for him a while.

On September 28, 1961 Melissa Ellen was born to James and Marge.

1962 -- Sam and Ted, Marge's son, graduated from high school. Ted got a football scholarship. He went to SWMU at Cape Girardeau and Sam entered SIU at Carbondale.

James, Marge, Sam and I went to St. Louis to Jo Ann and Bob Leu's wedding and reception. The wedding was at Des Peres Baptist and the reception was at Claymont Bath & Tennis Club.

In 1963 I retired from teaching.

Andrea Ellen was born July 15, 1964 to Harriett and Joe.

1964 -- I went to St. Louis when Andrea was born. Harriett and Joe lived in Frontenac. Joseph was 3 years old. He was a cute child. It was hot weather July 15, 1964.

Sam and Thelma McCuen were married at Harrison near Murphysboro. On September 16, 1966 I went to her parents' home and went with them to the wedding. Sam still had a year of college. They rented a trailer north of Murphysboro and lived there. Thelma had a job in Carbondale. After college he was offered a job with the Metropolitan Insurance Company. He had to train under one of their men so they moved to Springfield, Illinois. His trainer was James Bouas from Coulterville, a town just southwest of us. Thelma again got work there. After a time they were transferred to Macomb, Illinois.

Maria was born September 22, 1967. She weighed only 4 pounds 12 ounces and Jo Ann and I would drive out to the hospital every day to see her. When she gained enough weight in two weeks she came home. They lived at their home recently built in Tealwood.

In the last months of 1968, our pastor, Harold Hagel, became ill. He had been our pastor for over 17 years. When the Henrys first came to Lake Sallateska, Uncle Wes and Bill Henry went over to Wayne City to see a man recommended to us. He had a general store and had never been ordained. We called him and the Olive Branch Church ordained him. He made the trip every Sunday until in the '60's they moved on field. His daughter was an accomplished pianist. The next year he was in and out of the hospital (see clipping).

Our next pastor was John Rodgers. He had people in Pinckneyville. The women's liberation had just started up and he felt very threatened by it. Also, he was very partial. He succeeded in splitting the church. We found out later he had split two other churches and another after he left us.

A pastor, Reverend George Jurrens, came to us. He and his wife were lovely people. After some time a young pastor came, Elder Lem Meyers, his wife and three children. He was very faithful, going to see Aunt Nan whose eyesight was failing by this time. She and Dallas still lived at her homeplace.

## News From The Churches...

CONCORD — Harold L. Hagel, pastor, passed away on February 26, at Barnes Hospital after several months of illness. He was born on November



**REV. HAGEL**

a fine witness and visitor in the community and hospital. Even while he was in Barnes Hospital, he led three people to the Lord. During his pastorate at Concord, the church property value increased from \$13,500 to \$118,000; and the resident membership grew from 88 to 185.

He is survived by his wife, Carrie, three daughters: Mrs. Hester Hagel, Pinckneyville, Mrs. Wanda Jean Stoltz, Lakeland, Oregon and Mrs. Haroldine Rogers, Fairfield; he also leaves one sister, Mrs. Mabel Enterman, Shadron, Neb.; and one brother, Rev. Lloyd Hagel, Pinckneyville.

This man will be sorely missed in this area. We send our sympathy and love to the family.

6, 1908 in Rushville, Neb. He was born the second time at the Olive Branch Baptist Church of Wayne City in 1945 and was ordained by that church in 1952. He has pastored the Concord Church for 17½ years — his only pastorate. During that time, under Brother Hagel's leadership, there were 237 additions to the church — 153 by baptism. Brother Hagel was instrumental in leading many to Christ who did not join the Concord Church. He was

### REV. HAROLD L. HAGEL, AREA PASTOR DIED FEBRUARY 26 IN BARNES HOSPITAL

Rev. Harold L. Hagel, pastor of Concord Baptist Church, RFD #2, Pinckneyville, Ill. passed away at the Barnes Hosp. St. Louis, Mo. Feb. 26, 1970 at the age of 61 years. He had been in failing health for several weeks.

Rev. Hagel was born at Rushville, Nebraska, Nov. 6, 1908 the son of Herman Chris and Bertha (Davis) Hagel. He was a veteran of W.W. II with the U.S. Navy. He was united in marriage Aug. 8, 1933 to Carrie Ray at Raton, New Mexico.

Rev. Hagel was converted Nov. 1945 at Olive Branch Baptist Church near Wayne City, Ill. and was ordained a Minister at that church, Dec. 21, 1952. He had been Pastor of the Concord Baptist Church 17 years last Nov.

Survivors are his wife, Carrie; 3 daughters, Mrs. Lloyd (Hester) Hagel Hagel of Pinckneyville; Mrs. Robert (Wanda Jean) Stoltz of Lake Side, Oregon and Mrs. William (Haroldine) Rogers of Fairfield, Ill. 8 grandchildren and 8 great grandchildren. 1 Brother, Rev. Lloyd Hagel of Pinckneyville and 1 sister, Mrs. Mabel Enterman of Chadron, Neb. He was preceded in death by his parents, 1 sister, 3 brothers.

Funeral services were held at the Concord Baptist Church, Sunday, March 1, 1970 at 1:00 PM with the Rev. Oakley Miller officiating assisted by Rev. Otis Fenton. Interment was held at the Olive Branch Cemetery near Wayne City, Ill.

Pyatt Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.

Christina was born December 21, 1969. I stayed with Harriett for several weeks. One gets so attached to a little one it is hard to leave them.

1969 -- Mabel Mayer, Harry's sister, died in Albuquerque, New Mexico. I had visited her when I went to a Baptist Assembly at New Mexico.

On March 5, 1970, Mark, son of Thelma and Sam Jones, was born at Macomb. I went with Mr. and Mrs. McCuen to see the new baby and Mrs. McCuen stayed for a time.

On June 5, 1973, Michael Alexander Jones was born to Sam and Thelma at Red Oak, Iowa, where Sam had been transferred.

July, 1973 -- Dallas Stilley died at Nashville Hospital having had a stroke a week earlier. He had been failing for some time. This left Aunt Nan alone. I stayed with her until she had her sale. In the meantime I went down to Perry Manor Nursing Home and arranged for her to enter there. It was one of the hardest things I ever had to do. We got ready for her sale which was hard for her to give up things she had owned during her life and leaving her home but she adjusted better than any of us dreamed. She did many craft things and gave a great number of them away.

March 3, 1976 -- Anna Frederking, an old neighbor, died at Coulterville.

April 5, 1976 -- Charles Jones died at Nashville Hospital. Richard Jones had died previously. He had been in poor health for some time but it left Lucy and Margaret alone at the homeplace. He was buried at the Masonic Cemetery. They had been so concerned over buying a lot but finally bought one there.

April 8, 1978 -- Margaret Jones had been in and out of the hospital in Nashville a number of times, finally had to have a colostomy which distressed her. She was home when on the morning of April 8, 1976, she had a heart attack. This left Lucy alone. I tried to help her, especially to do her shopping, as she did not drive. She had Margaret's car. Sometimes we went to town and she decided she would try to drive. She had to back out of the shed and before I realized it, we hit the corner of another shed. That ended our driving lesson. She continued to live there until Harry, her son, helped her purchase a house in Nashville.

Occasionally I had gall bladder attacks since 1931, but during the '60's had a severe attack and was operated on at the Nashville Hospital. I was very sick and after surgery I did not get up and move around enough; along with the arthritis, I never walked well again. By this time Sam, who had been in Red Oak, Iowa, had been sent to Richmond, Indiana as assistant manager of the office (Metropolitan) there. They had really liked it in Red Oak. The people were mostly Swedish. (The Mrs. Olson of radio and TV fame had come from a nearby town.) On a visit to them I saw the big coffee pot in the town. When I visited them in Indiana I noticed the traffic was heavier -- more people, more cars. They had a lovely home on the edge of Richmond. Their boys were school age when Sam was transferred to Memphis to be manager of the regional office there. They hated to leave school friends. They bought a house in Germantown. When I visited them I saw rice fields (the rice had been



harvested). I had never seen a crop of rice before. Thelma took me to Memphis Botanical Gardens which was very pretty. The early spring flowers were blooming. I think they liked Memphis. They had a number of azalea bushes.

Late 1970's -- The older grandchildren had graduated from high school, Jami for one year attended Rend Lake; Joseph entered UMSL at St. Louis and began to work.

Missi finished high school and entered SIU at Carbondale, the last two years working at the University.

January 1980, Jami was married to Joseph Hale at the First Baptist Church at Nashville. It was a big wedding and the reception was at Hoyleton. He began working at McDonnell's in St. Louis. Later that year I got my first great-grandchild, Amanda Michelle.

At Thanksgiving I had gone for a doctor's appointment and intended spending the holiday with the families there. I had a gall bladder attack. On that day I was sick abed. The next day I went to Dr. Paletta. He put me in Faith Hospital. I became jaundiced, then into intensive care. On December 12 I entered Jewish Hospital as Dr. Paletta said he could do no more for me. I was there until March 12, 1981. When I was discharged I came to Friendship Nursing Home (Friendship Manor). I got some more therapy there having had a lot at Jewish. I only stayed two weeks there and when I came home Ethel Louis stayed night and day for a while, then every day afterward only days of a week. Shirley Shortz took over after Ethel. Janet Ibendahl helped me coming only one day a week. When crop time came, we got Blondine Huff. But Maude Rohlfing got her to help get a sale ready then later on she worked there every day so I lost her. I got the Shrum sisters for a few times but work at the sawmill (their relative's mill) opened up. I must be a hard person to work for.

Andrea Scopelite had worked at a clothing shop during her high school years when she graduated from high school. She went to Meramec Junior College where she got an associate degree. She visited Europe one summer then worked for Famous. When her boyfriend, Enrique Cubillo, entered New York University, she went to New York.

August 1983 -- Aunt Nan had a slight stroke. After that she could not walk and it affected her speech. That ended her craft work. Later on she became bitter that the Lord did not take her home. Visiting her had always been so pleasant but now you never knew what she was saying.

July 11, 1985 -- Aunt Nan died early that morning. A nephew, Nelson Hutchings, she loved had died after heart surgery and Claude Hutchings had died. Both nephews were very close to her and to me also. Nelson was my neighbor for a number of years. He lived just up the road. I would talk to Velma, Claude's wife, several times a week. Their children and mine were the same age. Nelson's son, Dennis, and Sam were only a year apart. I could always ask Aunt Nan of people, their names, events, etc. I still think if only she were there I would have the answers to various questions.

1983 -- I had been living alone since Sam had started to college partially then in 1967 when he moved to Springfield. All the time I did lots of reading from the library and magazines I subscribed to. I read the Bible through a number of times. Reading about three chapters a day. I could read the entire Bible in a year. One gets the biography of individuals, the great events, rise and fall of the kings, the prophecies and their fulfillment. But the last few years I have been reading the Daily Bible Readings from various devotionals. 1985 I memorized Romans 8:34-39.

I had been a member of the Women's Missionary Circle in our church. I attended our monthly meeting and the association meeting each quarter. We heard a Missionary speak and the aim was missions telling the story of Jesus to the whole world before the Second Coming. It was a great experience going to Ridgecrest twice and Glorietta once.

I taught a junior class at Carbondale when I was a student there and intermediate girls at Carbondale in the late '20's and '30's. I began teaching a woman's class in the '40's and now teach senior women. I do not do as good a job as I once did, I do not hear as well and am forgetful. I start on next Sunday's lesson early in the week. When you find something in the news or in your reading of devotionals or hear on TV that would apply to the lesson, jot it down.

I like to have a project to work on such as cross-stitch, a crochet article, needlepoint or embroidery (busy work). I have numerous things my sister-in-law, Alpha, has given to me. So time passes fast for me -- too fast. Some of my activities are curtailed now as my hearing got worse. Going to our quarterly WMU meetings became nonsatisfying as women's voices did not register well. I heard the sound but could not understand the words. It is very tiring to strain to hear and only get an occasional word.

February 20, 1982 -- After my illness I visited an estate lawyer to arrange my affairs in case of my death. I had made a will but now set up a trust to give each child their share of the land. Ethel continued to come to help me with the laundry and vacuuming.

February, 1982 -- Jami sued for divorce from Joe. She was pregnant and suffered from ulcers due to his threats. During this year I read a number of books, Michener's *The Covenant*, Thomas Wolf's *You Can't Go Home Again*, *Look Homeward Angel*, *The Web and The Rock*, and *Time and Tide*. Wolf's books are philosophical.

James and Marge went from their telephone meeting to Hawaii. It must have been very enjoyable. The flowers and scenery were so pretty. Later Marge and her sister-in-law, Irene, took her sister, Joyce, to Hawaii after she had cancer surgery.

Hazel DeYoung, a cousin, visited me several times. Once, her daughter was with her. Hazel has had her problems. Divorced with two children, she located near Chicago. After several years, she remarried and had three more children. In the early '80's, her husband came down with Alzheimer disease and she had a problem caring for him. After his death, she got herself a new car and came several times. She has lots of grit.

April 4, 1981 -- Ethel Louis and I were watching a storm and when we looked out after it the two sheds were blown down. Years before a tornado hit my chicken house. On the prairie one is at the mercy of the wind.

May 28 -- That same year, there was a tornado that hit Marion, Illinois. My cousin, Vila's wife's house was hit. She hid in a closet. We went down to Marion. It had been hit hard. Vila's house will have to be rebuilt.

Before camp started at Sallateska Baptist Camp we would entertain the counselors for dinner at the church. There would be about twenty of them. They came from all over the state. They were at the camp about a month. My birthday in 1982 was at the lodge at Lake Salleteska. All of the children and grandchildren were there with some visitors -- Aunt Nan was there, also Aunt Pearl, Cordie Hunter and Jessie Campbell. Ted and Debbie and children. It was a nice birthday. We had been having them since 1976. We had that one at the church and since that had several at the Nashville Park. We had a couple at Jo Ann's home. The children gave me a microwave. Then last year, 1986, we met at Okawville at the Mineral Springs Hotel in the late afternoon and evening. All were there except Andrea and Missi. It will be hard to get everyone together. Mandi's first birthday was at their home in Nashville. Her second birthday was at James and Marge's house with the Gill family and Darla (Missi's friend). One was at Ricki and Jami's home. After Megan was born they always celebrated the two together.

Ricki Harre and Jami were married at the Trinity Lutheran Church in Nashville and the reception was at Okawville.

On the fourth Sunday in July we were at the Corr Reunion. It had been held every year since 1926. The reunions were held usually at the cousin's homes, but of late years, at the Perry County Fairgrounds until the last years, when it was held at Todds' Mill School. A relative from Nebraska, Leonard Corr, and wife, Marjorie, made the trip back for it. He was a descendant of Thomas Corr. Not many cousins left. Clara Hunter brought Aunt Nan. Then in August she had the stroke that left her unable to walk and affected her speech.

August 15, 1983 -- Anna Nehring died and James and I went to her funeral at DuBois. When we got home the house had been burglarized. They took the TV, money, etc. It was a shock. You certainly feel your privacy has been invaded.

The Nine Mile Brotherhood always holds a fish fry on the Tuesday before Labor Day. It is held at Lake Sallateska. We have fish, chicken, slaw, sliced tomatoes, baked beans and a drink. No dessert. Then there is a speaker and singing afterwards.

Claude Hutchings' son, Max, worked for Caterpillar and was stationed in England. Art and Mary Nehring decided to go visit him and they took her father with them. I was glad he got to go.

September 26th and October 2nd were my father's and mother's birthdays. They would have been over 110 years old now.

Randy Dempsay, Paul Oscar's son, entered SWBU (South West Baptist University) to get his college degree before entering seminary. He has since entered the seminary at Ft. Worth. Elmer and Alpha are very proud of him. This year he goes to England to take courses at Oxford University.

Nelson Hutchings, my cousin and old neighbor, began having heart problems and had a by-pass from which he never recovered. Brother Dutton preached his funeral.

Thelma Jones' parents live in DuQuoin and had a neighbor that owned a car wash just next door. While they were at Sam's visiting he set fire to their home. He had two boys working for him. He took the two boys south of town and killed them. Sam and Thelma were back and forth a lot, getting Mr. and Mrs. McCuen located and they wanted to rebuild on their lot so they had a new house built.

Shirley Stortz and her daughter, Jeanne, worked for me. Jeannie moved away and Janet Ibendale began to come one day a week. Janet is such a dear girl. Sometimes she drives my car for me. At church she is always helping me. I love her so much. When crop time came we got Blondine Huff to come. Nelson's family, wife Dorothy, sons, Dennis, Thomas, and daughter, Cinda. Dennis is a high ranking officer in the Air Force. Tommie worked in a veterinary office in Centralia. Cinda is married and lives in Northern Illinois.

James had a gallbladder attack while in Florida. Then again in the early spring. He decided to go to Dr. Shatz in March and again in April he had more attacks but the tests didn't show any stones.

My cousin, G. E. Dempsey began to have failing health. He was in Pinckneyville Hospital, a Florida hospital and Jewish Hospital. He was found suffering from Leukemia.

Our class (high school) always held a reunion every five years. The last one was in 1980. Some of the members of our class were there who had gone the first two years but finished elsewhere. The ones in the Pinckneyville area always arranged the reunion and one of those died. Helen Nesbit died and I went to her funeral, another of our class gone. My cousin G. E. died in September 1984. I really miss him.

In 1984 I spent Thanksgiving with James and Marge. Jami, Rick, the girls, his parents and I were the guests but I spent Christmas with the McCuens. Sam, Thelma and the boys were there.

In 1985, James and Marge went to Chicago for Steve's wedding. There was a bad spell of weather. They got to Effingham and had to spend the night. The next morning they came on home. A car was stuck in the snow just beyond their driveway. They couldn't have gotten any further.

On April 9, 1985, my cousin, Claude Hutchings, died. He had always been a dear friend. He had been such a hard worker. Now he and his wife are at rest. Once when I was in St. Louis for a checkup Jo Ann took me to the Missouri Botanical Garden. So beautiful!

In June 1985 we had my birthday at Jo Ann's. I did not keep my diary up to date and some of the happenings I'm confused about. Jo Ann had surgery and James and I went up to see her. She had a beautiful room overlooking the park.

July 1984 -- Brother Dutton resigned as pastor. He was retiring. He stayed a month while we looked for a pastor. We had a dinner for him when he left. Brother John Wittmer and a number from his former pastorate at Granite City came. We certainly hated to see he and Margaret go. They had been here seven years. They have visited us several times as a daughter lives in Indianapolis, Indiana. Another daughter lives in Knoxville. Brother Wittmer became our interim pastor. I liked he and his wife. He had been our Association Director for 25 years. We had lost so many by death.

Later on Brother Wayne Corrigan and his wife, Carol, and son, Jeremy, came on the field. They were from Hannibal, Missouri. He graduated that year from Larange Baptist College at Hannibal. Later their son, Matthew, was born at Pinckneyville on June 14.

James was operated on at Jewish Hospital. He developed a clot in his lung and was in intensive care for days. Marge stayed at the hospital and I stayed with the daughters. Missi had gone to Phoenix, Arizona to look for work. She had finished college with her degree. Steve and wife lived there, they had been transferred there from Connecticut. She got work.

Joseph Scopelite finished at UMSL but he wanted to get his master's degree. He had a job but if he worked could take only a limited number of hours.

The grandchildren will soon be through school.

Next year Mark and Christina will finish high school. This year Mike will finish grade school.

Andrea is working in New York City.

Maria will finish her sophomore year at the University of Missouri at Columbia. She is doing practice teaching already.

Don't children grow up fast!

I have said very little of my religious experience in the past pages. I wish to tell you now of them. Our church was only a little less than a half mile north of our house. It was situated on a wooded knoll. It was a white frame building with two entrances on the south with three windows on each side. It was heated by two wood burning stoves. There were three rows of pews. This on the left was called the "Amen Corner" (the deacons sat there). On the right corner was the organ and choir. Mrs. Inez Dempsay was the first organist I remember. Clara Reidelberger was for a time. Stella Benedict after Clara married and I after I learned I could play hymns. Uncle Thomas Hutchings was choir leader. He could read music. He sang tenor. My grandmother, his sister, sang treble. It is amazing the number of the older people who could read the shaped notes. My maternal grandfather could and I have his hymnbook.

We almost always walked to church and never failed when there was services. Sometimes only once a month a pastor would come to preach. When I was eight or nine a non-denominational Sunday school was started. A. O. Jones was superintendent. William and Della Robinson, Sam Carson, J. O. and Bessie Hunter were Presbyterian families who participated along with our own members to make up the Sunday School. This superintendent insisted on us memorizing the Ten Commandments, names of the apostles, the Lord's Prayer, Twenty-Third Psalm. I did for which I have never been sorry.

Our church was Baptist but in 1907 there was a called meeting at Pinckneyville of all Baptist churches in Southern Illinois. Our church voted to be affiliated henceforth with Southern Baptists. We organized into associations. We belonged to Nine Mile. They hired a preacher whose task was mostly to hold revivals. Reverend Malachi Keene served during my teen years. In November of 1915 he came to our church to hold a revival. He had preached for several nights when I became concerned about my soul, and at the invitation went to the altar for prayer. Reverend Keene was at our house the next afternoon when I came home from school. He talked and prayed with me and gave me this verse:

*For I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.*  
Timothy 1:12.

I went to church that night and at the invitation I knelt in the chair and said: "Lord, I believe, take away my doubts." I immediately saw a vision of Christ. He held out his hand to me. He said nothing. I have told very few of that vision. I reasoned some may have never seen or heard anything unusual and it may cause someone to doubt their salvation. But always when the question comes up, Are you saved? or Are you ready for death? my mind goes back to that night when I made peace with God. I joined the church and was baptized in Slade Branch on December 12, 1915. I have tried to follow the precepts of the Christian faith. It has been a source of strength during the stressful times in my life, especially during the deaths of my sister, mother, father, baby son and husband. Now during the aging years when friends and relatives, one by one, pass away I realize God has never failed me and one day I will be again with those "dear ones which I have loved long since and lost awhile." *Lead, Kindly Light.* (hymn).

The church was taken to a more central location in 1927. We went to full time pastorage, a pastor living on the field. I have had problems at various times but I pray when Christ comes for his church we will still be in existence.

Even so, Come, Lord Jesus.

